7:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1907
SP8 Bororo SP8

On January 9, 1901, we reached the Rio Ponte de Pedra, about 45 miles north of its junction with the Rio São Lourenço, where the latter bends nearly westward. Senhor Antonio had recently thrown up here a simple palm-branch, stake-walled ranch, near an important village of the Bororó tribe on friendly terms. The place is called Ta-Dare-Mano Paro, "potato bank," or "place where tubers grow."

As soon as our arrival became known our ranch, scarcely more than an open shed, began to fill rapidly with our painted friends of all ages and sizes and of both sexes, who came to observe us and to see the marvelous things we had brought from our enchanted world. They pour in upon us regularly at the break of day and stay faithfully till the shadows of night begin to deepen; and though coming and going constantly, we always have our full complement. If we open one of our pack-mule trunks, our visitors are on the alert to handle whatever may strike their fancy. If we eat, every mouthful of food is closely scrutinized, and whatever we may do is observed with the closest attention. They recline on our boxes, sprawl on our tables, lean against the posts, squat on the ground, and hunch down around our pot as it boils, always leaving a patch of paint wherever they sit or lean. Some smoke, others lazily pick and eat the kernels from a roasted ear of corn, others nibble the white cheese-like heart of a diminutive palm that furnishes a considerable part of their food; the boys devour bits of fish roasted black, or shoot at a stick or a stump with their crude bows and arrows. Just outside the door men gossip, vacantly gazing, but never once toward the one they address, or they ask us a few questions in the limited language that we know in common. The women and children usually form an outer fringe to this group. Whenever there is prospect of obtaining beef our congregation is at once largely increased. They never steal anything that is distinctively ours, though they will take anything we have bought of them if they have an opportunity.

The long, straight, coarse black hair of both males and females hangs in a tangled mass about their shoulders, except above the forehead, where it is kept chopped off to form bangs. Nearly all the single young plaster these bangs with a sort of red putty made from the small yellowish-red fruit of the burity palm and fish oil, and the same paste is used to paint the entire body. Boys and girls who are esteemed by their parents also have the foretop arranged in this way, and a few of the latter who are regarded with special favor have it plaited with a layer of beautiful red feathers. Again, young men, as well as boys and girls, who are liked by their parents